The most replenished sweet worke of nature,
That from the prime creation euer he framed,
Thus both are gone with conscience and remorse,
They could not speake and so I left them both,
To bring this tidings to the bloudie king. *Enter Ki. Rich.*
And here he comes, all haile my soueraigne liege.
King. Kind Tirrell am I happie in thy newes?
Tir. If to haue done the thing you giue in charge,
Beget your happinesse, be happie then.
For it is done my Lord.
King. But didst thou see them dead?
Tir. I did my Lord.
King. And buried gentle Tirrell?
Tir. The Chaplaine of the tower hath buried them.
But how or in what place I do not know.
Tir. Come to me Tirrell soone at after supper,
And thou shalt tell the processe of their death,
Meane time but thinke how I may do thee good.
And be inheritor of thy desire. *Exit Tirrell.*
Farewell till soone.
The sonne of Clarence haue I pent vp close,
His daughter meanelie haue I matcht in marriage,
The sonnes of Edward sleepe in Abrahams bosome,
And Anne my wife hath bid the world godnight,
Now for I know the Brittaine Richmond aimes
At young Elizabeth, my brothers daughter,
And by that knot lookes proudly ore the crowne,
To her I go a iollie thriuing wooer. *Enter Catesby.*
Cat. My Lord.
King. Good newes or bad, that thou comest in so bluntly?
Cates. Bad newes my Lord, *Ely* is fled to Richmond.
And Buckingham backt with the hardie Welchmen,
Is in the field, and still his power increaseth.
King. Ely with Richmond troubles me more neare
Then Buckingham and his rash leuied armie:
Come I haue heard that fearefull commenting,
Is leaden seruitour to dull delay,
Delay leads impotent and snaile-pact beggerie,
Then fierie expedition be my wing. Ioues

Ioues Mercurie and Herald for a King:
Come muster men, my counsaile is my shield,
We must be briefe when traitors braue the field. *Exeunt.*

Enter Queene Margaret sola.

Q. Mar. So now prosperitie begins to mellow
And drop into the rotten mouth of Death:
Here in these confines slilie haue I lurkt,
To watch the waining of mine aduersaries:
A dire induction am I witnesse to,
And will to France, hoping the consequence
Will prooue as bitter, blacke and tragicall.
Withdraw thee wretched Margaret, who comes here?

Enter the Qu. and the Duchesse of Yorke.

Qu. Ah my young princes, ah my tender babes!
My vnblowne flowers, new appearing sweets,
If yet your gentle soules flie in the ayre
And be not fixt in doome perpetuall,
Houer about me with your aierie wings,
And heare your mothers lamentation.
Qu. Mar. Houer about her, say that right for right,
Hath dimd your infant morne, to aged night.
Qu. Wilt thou, O God, flie from such gentle lambes,
And throw them in the intrailes of the wolfe:
When didst thou sleepe, when such a deede was done?
Qu. Mar. When holie *Harry* died, and my sweet sonne.
Duch. Blind sight, dead life, poore mortall liuing ghost,
Woes sceane, worlds shame, graues due by life vsurpt,
Rest thy vnrest on Englands lawfull earth,
Vnlawfullie made drunke with innocents bloud.
Qu. O that thou woludst as well affoord a graue,
As thou canst yeeld a melancholie seate,
Then would I hide my bones, not rest them here:
O who hath any cause to mourne but I!
Duc. So many miseries haue crazd my voice
That my woe-wearied tongue is mute and dumbe.
Edward Plantagenet, why art thou dead?
Q. Mar. If auncient sorrow be most reuerene,
Giue mine the benefite of signorie,